

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

WOODSTOCK, VERMONT

The People's Rights—A Representative Democracy—The Union and the Constitution Without Any Infractions.

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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE

Woodstock, Vermont.

Printed Saturday Morning

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

WOODSTOCK NEWS

Dr. Kidder Elected President.

Dr. F. Thomas Kidder of Woodstock was elected president of the Vermont State Medical society on the closing day, Oct. 12, of its 98th annual meeting at Burlington, succeeding Dr. H. C. Tinkham of that city.

The society has a long and honorable history; it is one of the largest and strongest of similar societies in New England, and Dr. Kidder's election is an honor upon which he is to be congratulated.

Other officers elected were: Vice-president, William Lindsay of Montpelier; secretary, C. H. Beecher of Burlington; treasurer, C. F. Dalton of Burlington; auditor, C. M. Norton of Bristol.

INFANTILE PARALYSIS.

Many of the subjects treated by the speakers at the meeting were notable for their timely and general interest and their bearing upon problems which Vermont doctors especially have to face.

The address delivered by Dr. M. B. Hodkins of Palmer, Mass., dealt with infantile paralysis, the doctor being one of the well known American authorities upon this disease.

Acute poliomyelitis is the technical term for infantile paralysis. It is pronounced "poly-oh-my-e-light-is." In recent years its prevalence has been on the increase in various parts of the world, and in 1910 there were many cases in Vermont. The majority of the cases are found along lines of travel, and within a few miles of the railroads, but isolated cases have occurred for which no apparent source could be found.

PREVENTION OF DISEASE IN VERMONT.

Speaking of the results of preventive measures upon the public health, Dr. H. C. Tinkham of Burlington presented figures showing the number of deaths from various diseases in Vermont during the periods of six years before and since the establishment of the state board of health, as follows:

Disease.	6 yrs. before	6 yrs. since
Typhoid	698	354
Tuberculosis	4,545	2,698
Scarlet fever	423	61
Diphtheria	896	260

"These facts," said he, "need no comment. We should also consider the suffering averted and the financial saving from preventing widespread and long-continued sickness."

WOODSTOCK NOTES.

Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Sturtevant, who have had one of E. H. Slayton's houses on Lincoln terrace the past season, returned to Brooklyn, N. Y., Tuesday.

C. W. Sablin of Brookline, Mass., is at the Inn, coming with Miss Kate Dana of Brookline, who is visiting Mrs. H. P. Clark.

Dr. G. H. Spiller, optician, will be at J. C. Nutting's, in Woodstock, Oct. 26; Hartland, Oct. 25.

The Hartland Nature Club.

A full program of excellent papers made the October meeting of the Hartland Nature club, held Saturday the 14th, a noteworthy one.

Mr. B. P. Ruggles gave, in scientific language, the complete natural history of Snail swamp: its geology, botany, and zoology, as well as its agricultural value.

Mrs. Nina Martin read an original paper on "Bur-Marigolds and Thistles," which was illustrated by handsome mounted specimens. This was a worthy example of the work done by the high school members.

Mrs. J. G. Underwood presented "A Study of Seeds," elaborated by free-hand drawings, which was markedly complete and which every

one enjoyed because of its pleasant style.

Miss May Rogers had prepared a paper, but could not read it for lack of time.

Mrs. Morgan, chairman of the executive committee, reported the subjects of study for the ensuing year and accepted the suggestion that the flora of Hartland streams and ponds be considered among the topics.

Miss Darling reported that Hartland has found, to date, 25 out of the 56 plants of cold sphagnum bogs listed in the Vermont floral supplement.

It was voted to send the poem leaflet issued by the Society for the Protection of Native Plants to each school in Hartland and to inventory the books and other property of the club for the convenience of the curator at a special meeting to be held in November.

A rising vote of thanks was accorded Mr. P. W. Whiting of Harvard university for the gift of a trunkful of scientific books and specimens.

The following plants new to Hartland have been found recently: Urtica Lyallii; Urticularia vulgaris, var. americana; Bidens comosa; Myrica Gale; Mentha arvensis; Aster cordifolius, var. polyccephalus.

A bald eagle was seen flying over "Sky Farm" Sept. 24.

The next meeting will be held on Nov. 11.

New Windsor County Corporations.

The following Windsor county corporations have filed articles of association with the secretary of state:

The Recreation club of Ludlow, capital stock of \$5,000 and designed to cultivate fish and game interests, is signed by E. C. Warner, Harlan Graham, George J. Kenworthy, Walter A. Gillent, D. G. Bryant, E. H. Evans, John Knight and Charles L. Pierce.

The Rochester Village Improvement society organizes to carry on the improvement work of that town and papers are signed by W. H. Watson, George L. Greeley, E. L. Pierce, Julia A. Pierce, Leslie D. Pierce, W. H. Campbell, H. H. Cushman, J. B. Henry, Lizzie C. Townsend, E. H. Edgerton.

\$25,000 for New School at Wilder.

A special town meeting of the town of Hartford was held Saturday afternoon to consider the question of repairing the old school building at Wilder or erecting a new one. The present building was condemned last July by the State board of health on account of bad sanitary conditions.

After much discussion the town voted to reject the proposition to repair the present building at an expense of \$7500, but voted to build a new one at an expense of not over \$25,000. The building committee appointed consisted of F. P. Campbell, Robert E. Smith and Placid E. Adams. Owing to faulty construction of the building, no money could be raised to carry the vote into effect and the matter is left pending the calling of another meeting for that purpose.

Randolph Woman Killed in Automobile Accident.

Mrs. Rosabel B. McIntyre of Randolph was instantly killed Sunday afternoon when the automobile in which she was riding dashed from the road and plunged down a 20-foot embankment, near Upper Lisbon Village, N. H. Her daughter, Miss Alice McIntyre, was painfully injured, but is expected to recover. The other members of the party, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sargent, and their three children escaped with minor injuries.

The mother and daughter had been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Sargent in Woodsville, N. H. The cause of the accident is not known. Mr. Sargent was driving the car, which was his property, and it was his custom to take the McIntyres to and from his home when they were his guests.

The New Vermont

Vermont has a population of 356,000. This group of people is organized for two purposes only: by the railroads, that they may give the poorest service possible at the greatest cost to travelers; and by the politicians, that they may hold all of the offices.

The newspapers of the state seem remarkably good; and they are probably about as influential as are other newspapers.

What the state needs is something the railroads, politicians and newspapers have not given them, Organization, and guidance along certain definite lines.

The railroads ought to do this, for if the state were led to develop its water power and to use its land to better purpose by new farming methods, and to increase its quarry output and to attract more summer residents, the railroads would be the first to profit. But the railroads have not the sense to do a thing like this. Not yet.

The politicians, through the state government, ought to organize and awaken and guide the state. They will not, chiefly because they are incapable of so doing. They are more concerned to hold office than to do something for the state they serve. That they will not organize and improve the state is shown by the fact that in the past 50 years they have not—and that they cannot be shown by the same fact!

The newspapers form an educational and energizing force, but not an organized one; and in no community in the country will any group of newspapers definitely and systematically organize that community for greater social effort.

Here is a little empire, rich in resources, easily capable of being made richer still, attractive to summer visitors and to the gentleman farmer, and by judicious advertising and improvement of railways and highways easily made vastly more attractive still. At present it lies 'asleep. Yet this little empire could be galvanized into active, productive life.

Let us form an organization of friends of Vermont, men and women, residents and non-residents, to be called the "New Vermont Association." Through modest annual dues from each member, let us secure a fund with which to engage a secretary, a skilled advertiser, a man of experience, able to write well, and of agreeable presence,—and set him at work.

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Attempt to Blow Up Taft's Train.

An unknown man placed 36 sticks of dynamite under Southern Pacific steel bridge between Gaviota and El Capitan just before President Taft's train passed Santa Barbara, Cal., early on Monday.

The watchman employed by the railroad saw him and fired several shots at him as he fled, but did not hit him.

Montpelier Woman Ends Her Life.

Mrs. E. A. Nutt, widow of Edwin A. Nutt, the well known newspaper writer, was found dead last week Friday morning in her room at the Riverside House, Montpelier, with a tube from a gas jet close to her mouth.

Mrs. Nutt, who was 52 years of age, had been poor health since her husband died and had complained of insomnia at times.

Rutland Woman a Suicide.

True to her declaration to friends that she intended to take a dose of poison and end it all, Mrs. Genie Piggam of Rutland was found in a serious condition Sunday morning, and although Dr. S. W. Hammond worked over her for several hours she died at noon. She had taken nearly all the contents of a two ounce bottle of laudanum.

Let Him Alone.

"Don't nag your husband if he drinks," counsels a woman reformer. It's a good rule not to nag him 'tween if he doesn't drink. Sobriety should not be penalized.—Kansas City Journal.

The Demeritt & Palmer factory of Randolph has begun to can the immense quantity of squashes and pumpkins that have been drawn in and placed in a huge pile of 225 tons in rear of the husking shed. This firm will next season add an apple canning outfit to their plant and will put up that fruit besides corn, squashes and pumpkins.

Justice Harlan Dead.

Associate Justice John M. Harlan of the United States supreme court, died at Washington Saturday of bronchitis after a short sickness.

Justice Harlan was 78 years of age, having been born on June 1, 1833, in Boyle county, Kentucky, being the son of James Harlan. He was graduated from Centre college in 1850 and studied law at Transylvania university.

Fatal Accident on Rutland Trolley.

Charles A. Hewett, motorman, was instantly killed and Fred Slack, conductor, and six passengers narrowly escaped a similar fate Saturday night when a trolley car in the charge of this crew crashed into a Rutland railroad freight train on the Park street crossing at Rutland. The fact that the car was equipped with a detachable vestibule is probably responsible for the only death. This part of the electric was torn from the car and with Motorman Hewett was dragged for more than 200 yards up the tracks. His lifeless body was found by a searching party soon after the accident.

Kills a Big Black Bear.

"Jack" Smith, a machinist in the employ of the Sibley Machine works at Bennington, recently brought into the village what is believed to be the largest black bear killed in that section in many years. Smith killed the bear just across the Pownal line and before starting home with his prize weighed the bear at a farm house, where it tipped the scales at 292 pounds. The majority of the bears killed in Vermont will weigh less than 150 pounds.

Several women of the Congregational parish in Brattleboro have decided to try a plan of caring for the children of those parents who wish to attend church and find it impossible to do so and care for the little ones.

MISSSED A TURKEY DINNER.

It Enraged the Ship's Captain, but Amused Admiral Farragut.

Admiral Farragut had a keen sense of humor, and on one voyage we had a chance to prove it. It was a ridiculous incident, but it was a test of the admiral's good nature, and it happened at sea on Thanksgiving day. The steward had spent some time and expense in preparing a big turkey that had been roasted to a turn, and he took it from the oven that it might not be overdone while he assisted in the table decorations. The galley was steaming with the odors of turkey, plum pudding and other delectable viands, and the trusting steward raised the galley hatch to let the steam escape. He might have been more suspicious if he had seen the maintop men sniffing the galley fumes. They dropped a line while an accomplice below gave two half hitches around the big bird, and away it went upward and aloft to the main top.

When the steward came back he found nothing but a little gray left in the pan. The turkey was missing, and it now became his painful duty to notify the captain. He awkwardly apologized for the missing bird, but was not prepared for the fury of the captain.

"Who stole that turkey?" exclaimed Captain Pennock. The welkin rang with his maledictions, and he offered a reward for any information about the theft, but no one aboard would be mean enough to tell on the maintop men, and the admiral, I believe, enjoyed the joke as much as the men themselves. With Captain Pennock it was a different story, and wherever he walked he was entertained with cries and loud whispers, "Who stole that turkey?" The boom covers made a good cabinet for those mysterious voices. "Who stole that turkey?" All points of the compass disturbed him. Muffled tones from behind the guns were echoed more loudly in the rigging, "Who stole that turkey?" These salutations kept the captain turning from one point to another; then the boom covers would roll out again the trying question, "Who stole that turkey?"

Pennock, at last exasperated beyond endurance, doubled up his fist, and, indicating with a sweep of the horizon any or all offenders, he shouted: "Oh, you young rascals, you! I'll soon know who stole that turkey, and I'll stop all shore liberty until I do find the thief."

I happened to be standing within view of the admiral when his voice carried to the bridge, and I never heard the admiral laugh so heartily as he did then, when he thought he was unobserved. He enjoyed Pennock's discomfiture as much as the sailors, but was too good natured to let Pennock discover it. With the captain it was a serious thing, but he never did find the culprit.—Rear Admiral J. C. Watson in Los Angeles Times.

Little Sister's Rejoinder.

A certain young woman has a little sister who is much inclined to ask numerous questions, and, though she is sometimes a little slow about understanding things in general, she is as quick to see a point as most little girls of six. The other day little sister asked big sister the direction to the home of a new acquaintance. Big sister tried her best to make the way plain to no avail and finally, becoming exasperated, exclaimed:

"Oh, follow your nose, Nan, and you will finally find the place."

"Well, if you ever follow your nose," came the quick retort, "you will go up and up and up and be an angel by and by, which you're not now."

Which reference to a nose inclined to be pug ended the controversy.

That Despised Thirteen.

Italians never use the number thirteen in making up the numbers of their lotteries. The superstition of the people is against it. The Turks are so prejudiced against the word "thirteen" that it has virtually been expunged from their vocabulary. No house in Paris bears the number "13," and the persons called "quarziennes" or "fourteen," are held in reserve to make a fourteenth guest at dinner parties. The Norwegians never allow thirteen persons at table because Loki, the god of malice in the Norse mythology, once made the thirteenth guest at a celestial banquet and occasioned confusion.

Fair Inference.

Maudie—Mr. De Jones asked me to sing to him the other evening after we had been introduced.

Clara—And what did you sing?

Maudie—Why, how do you know that I sang at all?

Clara—Well, I noticed that he didn't ask you to sing tonight.—Stray Stories.

OPENING COCONUTS.

An Odd Sort of Work, but One That Gives Regular Employment.

In big candy factories they use many coconuts. In removing the shells from these coconuts there are employed men who work at this regularly just as they would at any other trade or calling.

A coconut opener works at a bench. Back of him are stacked up on the floor large sacks filled with coconuts. At intervals he empties a sack of coconuts on the bench in front of him, and then he goes on opening.

His only tool is a heavy all-steel knife, like an all steel oyster knife, with a heavy solid handle and with the other end flattening and tapering into a round pointed knife. He holds a coconut on the bench in front of him, and then with one whack of the heavy handle end of the knife he breaks the shell, opening it with irregular fissures, and then with the knife end of the tool he pries off the shell and tosses the shelled nut into a basket at his side. An expert opener can shell a great many coconuts in a day.

But the coconut opener is not the only person employed at the coconut end of the factory. From the opener's bench the baskets of shelled nuts are removed to a table, at which sit girls who take off the brown skin with which the meat of the coconut is covered. Knives made specially for this purpose are used, and quickly they cut off the skin and toss the nuts into other baskets, where you see them now, not brown, but milk white.

Then the coconuts are dumped into a chute, down which they go to the floor below into the grinders, which break the coconuts up into the required degree of coarseness or fineness, and from the grinders they go to the cooking kettles, for the coconut for candies must be cooked before it is used. If it were used raw it would soon become sour or rancid from the oil that the coconut contains. When the ground up coconut has been passed through the cooker it is ready for manufacture into the various confections in which coconut meat is used.—New York Sun.

How to Use a Life Preserver.

"The worst trouble about a life preserver," said an old sailor, "is that few people know what to do with one when it's thrown to them. Many a man would drown in trying to get a life preserver over his head. The average person struggling about in the water would try to lift up the big life ring and put it over his head. That only causes the man to sink deeper and take more water into his lungs. The proper way to approach a life preserver in the water is to take hold of the side nearest you and press upon it with all your weight. That causes the other side to fly up in the air and down over your head, ringing you as neatly as a man ringing a cane at a country fair. After that the drowning man can be rescued.—American Boy.

Lawn Tennis.

It may be claimed that lawn tennis is at least three centuries old, says the London Chronicle, having been played in 1591, when Queen Elizabeth was entertained at Elvetham, in Hampshire, by the Earl of Hertford. Strutt, quoting from Nisbet's "Progress of Queen Elizabeth," tells us that "after dinner, about 3 o'clock, ten of the lordship's servants, all Somersetshire men, in a square green court, before her majesty's window, did hang up lines, squaring out the form of a tennis court and making a cross line in the middle. In this square they being stript out of their doublets, played, five to five, with handball, to the great liking of her highness."

The Hudson Bay Company.

The adventurous voyageurs, Radisson and Groseilliers, in the years between 1658 and 1661 pushed their steps to Lake Nipigon and the Lake of the Woods and learned from the Indians there that a great body of water, Hudson bay, lay not far away. The outcome of that pioneer trip was the chartering in 1670 of the Hudson Bay company, whose existence as a virtual monopoly in the fur trade has continued since then and whose far flung line of trading posts now marks always the outermost limits of habitation in that frozen country.

His Mistake.

"Is this a mistake house?" asked the tall man.

"Yes, sir," said the commission merchant. "What can we do for you?"

"Well, if you sell commissions I'd like to buy one, if they're not too dear, for my son. I want a lieutenant's commission in the army, for my son wants to be a soldier, and he's too lazy to go to West Point.—Exchange.

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